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002

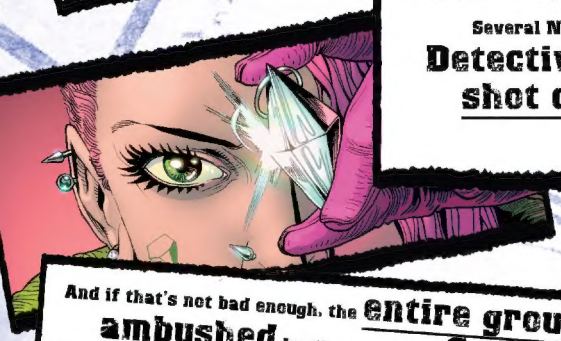
ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

A creature named **Galactus** wreaked havoc on the world. **New Jersey** was decimated. **S.H.I.E.L.D.** was disbanded. Who will be the next generation of heroes?

Teenagers **Cloak** and **Dagger**, **Bombshell**, **Black Widow** (the former Spider-Woman), and **Spider-Man** have teamed up to fill the adults' shoes. They call themselves the **New Ultimates.**

Kitty Pryde, uncomfortable with her sudden superstar status after taking down **Galactus**, has been taking a break from the public life. She's crashing with **Black Widow** in Chelsea.

In the wake of **Galactus's terror**, **new threats** have arisen. In **Hell's Kitchen**, a gang called the **Serpent Skulls** has taken over the now-defunct Roxxon Corporation outposts. The gang has been dealing super-power drugs that have a high fatality rate. **The Ultimates** are determined to get this drug off their streets.



Two villains, **Styx and Stone**, **attacked** the **Serpent Skulls'** outpost, and the **New Ultimates** jumped in to break up the fight. Several NYPD detectives were pulled into the mix. Both **Cloak and Detective Schreck** were touched by **Styx** before **Styx** was **shot dead**. **Detective Schreck** was **horribly maimed** and **Cloak's** not looking good.

And if that's not bad enough, the **entire group** was **ambushed** by the rest of the **Serpent Skulls**, led by gang commander, **Diamondback.**

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THE ULTIMATES VS. THE SERPENT SKULLS, HELL'S KITCHEN.
BOMBSHELL
SHNKK
Wait, don't--
AGHHH!
SPIDER-MAN
BLACK WIDOW
CLOAK AND DAGGER
FSHWRKSF

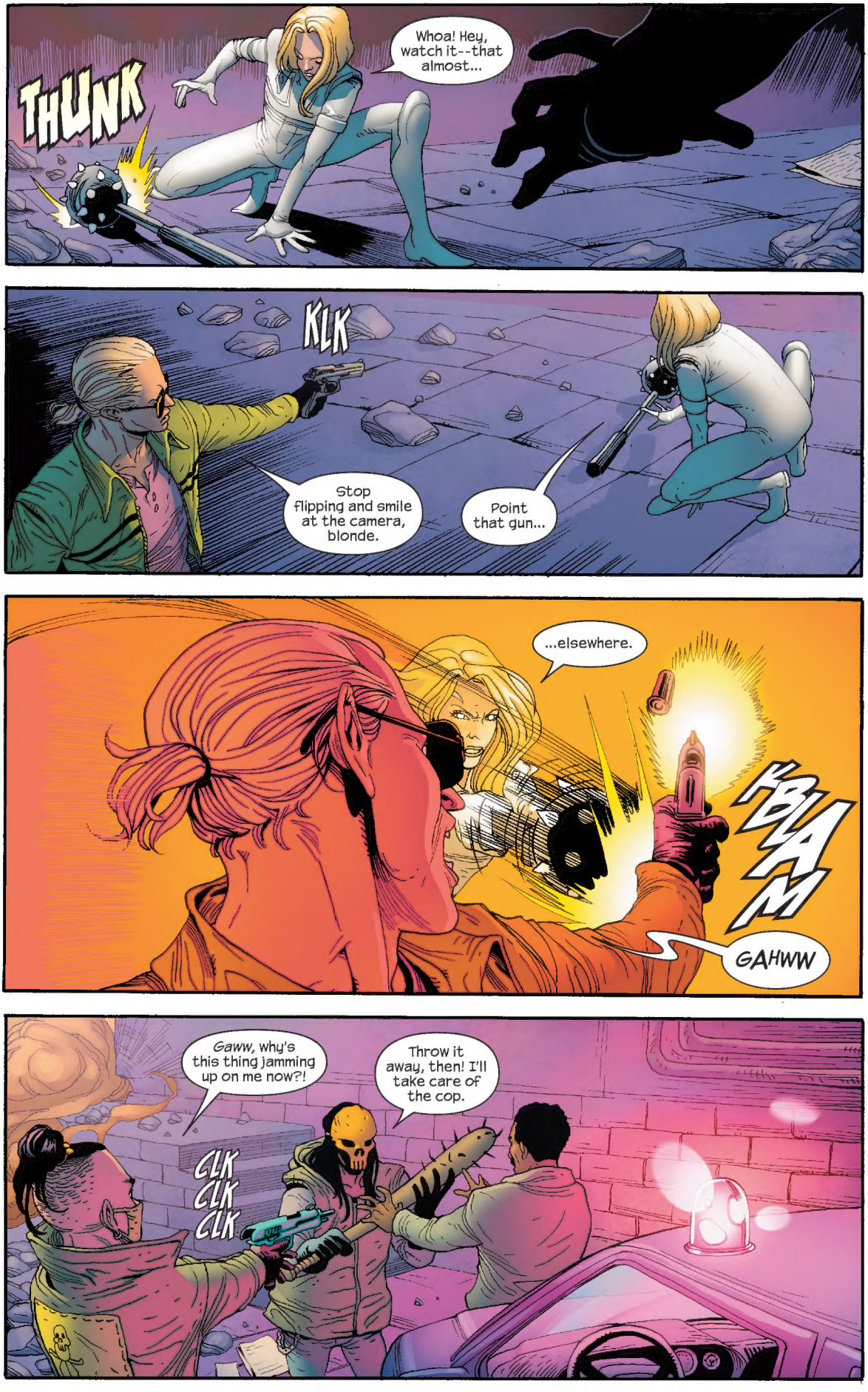
THRSHKKROM
Urk
Fin, Skull crony.
I like that jacket.
Let me have it.
Black Racer, Skull Lieutenant.
Diamondback, Skulls commander.
Oh, my God. Are you really Spider-Man? Aren't you, like, dead?
Long story. Now get OFF!
No way to speak to a girl, li'l man.
THUD

KUFF!
Detective Vernon Brooks.
Show some respect--
Back it up, Cop--
Detective Brigid O'Reilly.
Hup!
THWAK
Stone, wanted criminal scientist, not gang affiliated.
--right where you are, Stone. Don't you--
Br-- Brigid!
Detective Terry Schreck.
BLAMM

Call your goons off!
Goons? I don't see any "goons" here.
THWIP
Take a closer look.
KRAK
Clever boy.
C'mon, lady! That cop needs a hospital...he could be dying!
My condolences to your friend, but you're the ones who stepped into my yard.
And the name isn't "lady"...
It's Diamondback.
FFRRBOOM

Hey, watch it!
Ooof!
Styx--homeless hustler/Stone's human experiment gone wrong, deceased.
ohmygod ohmygod
--I got this.
FFRBOOOM
Aw, is this little boo boo's first dead body? Here, want me to show you another one?
I-- I--
Death Adder, Skulls lieutenant.

Grrrar--
CRRK
THUMP
KRK
Dennis should be bringing a squad over here any second.
The--guy who did this-- to me...
He won't be burning any more cops.
Don't move, we're almost--
--Terry, please!


THUNK
Whoa! Hey, watch it--that almost...
KLK
Stop flipping and smile at the camera, blonde.
Point that gun...
...elsewhere.
KBAM
GAHWW
Gaww, why's this thing jamming up on me now?!
Throw it away, then! I'll take care of the cop.
CLK CLK CLK

WHACK
You're too pretty to be a fighter.
SWSH
What have you--
ah-- AHH!

SCHT
BLAM BLAM
O'Reilly, get down! Everyone else: do not move!
SWAT
About $#@%&@ time!
Detective Paul "The Crippler" Dennis.
See you soon. Mwah!
Ultimates, come... jump into my cape... now!
Fire!
SWAT
RRRAKK BRBRBRBRAKKABRAKKABRBRBRRRBBK

Hang on--
Everyone, hang on--
Wait, I think I'm gonna--
I'm gonna--

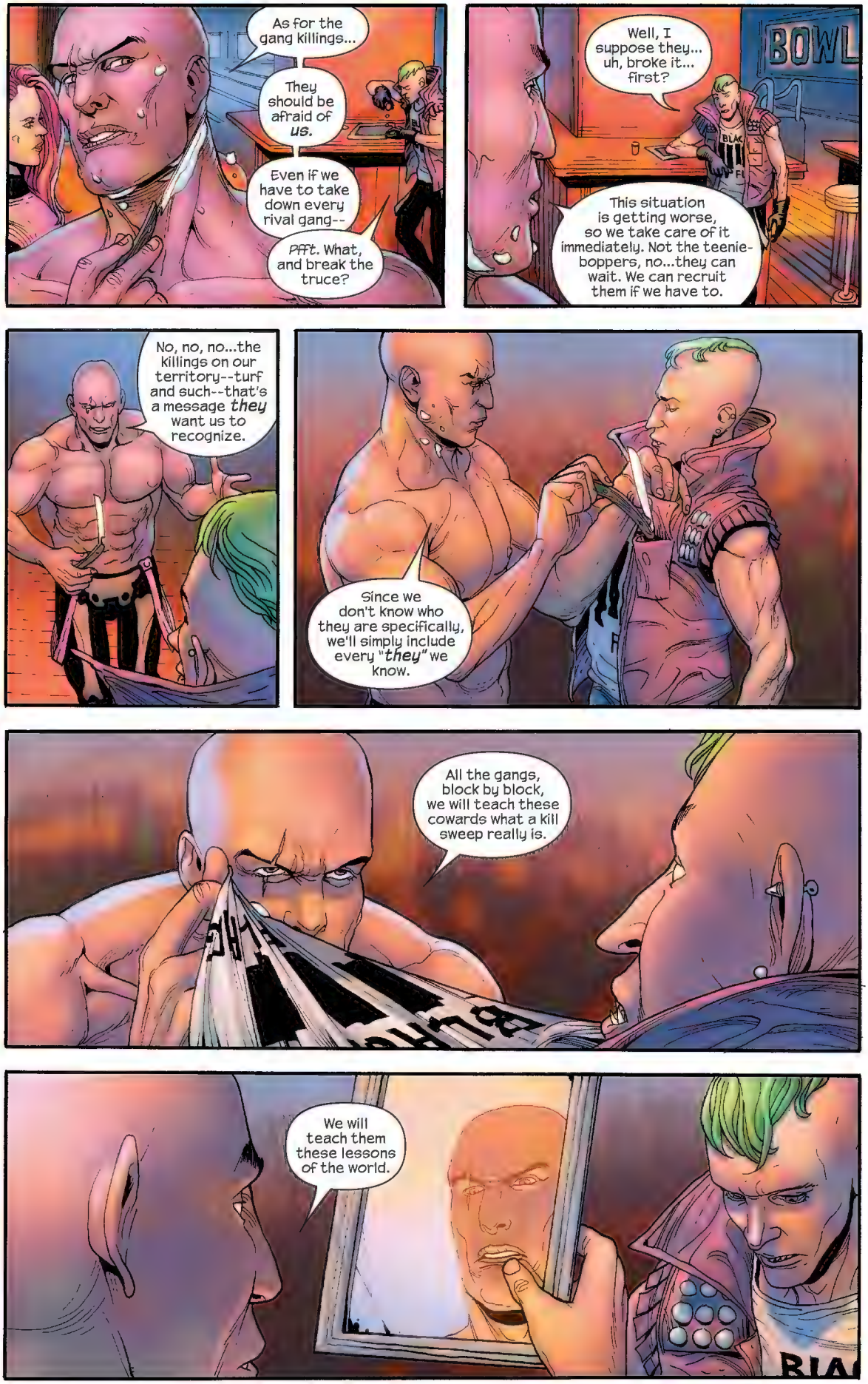
HELL'S KITCHEN CHURCH, CLOAK & DAGGER'S HOME.
:Koff Koff:
Ty, get down before you pass out...
I'm okay...
Lay down, babe, don't move.
Couldn't... even if I tried. That guy's touch... still burns...
Oh, my God, Ty, I'm so sorry.
This is ridiculous. We got our asses handed to us--
We were up against the wall!
We are *so* lucky to be alive. Some super team we are...
Look, that doesn't matter. We got out of there without getting arrested, or maimed--
Well... not all of us.
Think that one cop's dead? Can't be dead. It's my fault.
No. The Serpent Skulls. *Their* fault.
Nooo, it was that zombie-looking guy, *he* killed that cop. And he almost killed me, too.
That bubbly *creep* almost got *me* because--for some dumb reason--my powers didn't work.
Ugh, this blood is never coming off, is it?
The reason is your lack of practice. You have to have control.
Miles, maybe now's a good time...to mention the JJJ thing?
Mmmhm-- don't know exactly what that entails-- would be weird...
Hey, are you okay?
I'm fine, I'm fine...

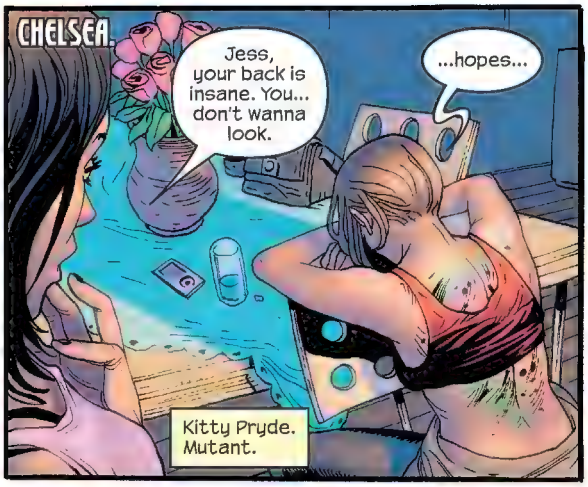
Practice how, mister expert? And what were you two being all whispery about, huh?
Listen, this stupid power is all I got and...and...when it didn't work, I was freaking out. I was more than ready to blow up someone, anyone.
I was ready to kill.
What, was I supposed to just stand there and take it?
Well, good thing you didn't.
Remember what Tony Stark said at Captain America's wake. You have to be the better version of yourself.
Pretty easy for some rich dude riding around in armor to say.
Hey, you don't know him--
No, but I know that I *love* it when billionaires tell us little people how to be *"the best we can be."* Cuh-*mon.* Save it for the recruitment posters.
That's so ignorant of you. Who cares if he's rich? Stark has--
You're ignorant! *I* care because I'm the one who almost got shivved in an alleyway at two in the morning!
You think I give a #$&@# about some #*@!% pep talk?!
Language!
Lighten up, princess, or I'll shove one of those daggers right up your--
Enough! What is *wrong* with you?
Lana, c'mon...
You c'mon! I *quit.*
Stay pretty, chumps.

What was *that* all about?
Wish she would've tried something.
I--
Uh...
I'll talk to her later. This can't be right.
We could've used Kitty's help back there, y'know. I didn't wanna push it but...she's crashing with you, right? What's her deal?
She's coping with the whole world clamoring for her attention. I dunno, I sort of get it...
She'll come... around.
Jessica, you look weak. I can help you get home.
I'm fine, I just need some sleep. We all do. Let's get home before sunrise.
Meet up next week.
Unless the world blows up before then.
HELL'S KITCHEN GANG ALLEY.
We should follow Terry's ambulance...
Skulls were just gunnin' for you, huh?
They never played ball, self-sufficient little bastards, but they've never been this hostile. Now we got Spider-Man and his friends trying to play Ultimates?
POLICE
POLICE
At least you got Terry's assailant. Wasn't that your guy?
David "Styx" Taylor, 19-year-old L.E.S. hustler caught up in weird science.
His better half, Dr. Gerald Stone, fled the scene...

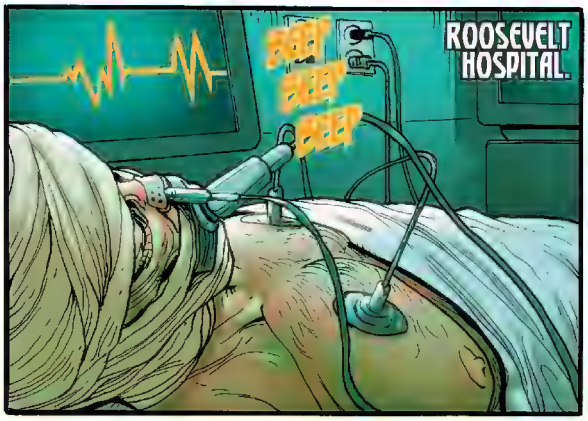
"...he better pray we don't catch up to him."
...can still salvage this. I can set up operations far away. Start fresh. I can still...
Oh, God, Styx. I should've killed you. Just like the rest. They were all tests, rats.
Hey, buddy... change...
Huh?! Excuse me? NO!
I--uh, sorry...no, I don't have any.
Wasn't a question.
What?
SPAK
SPAK
Justice...
...is served.

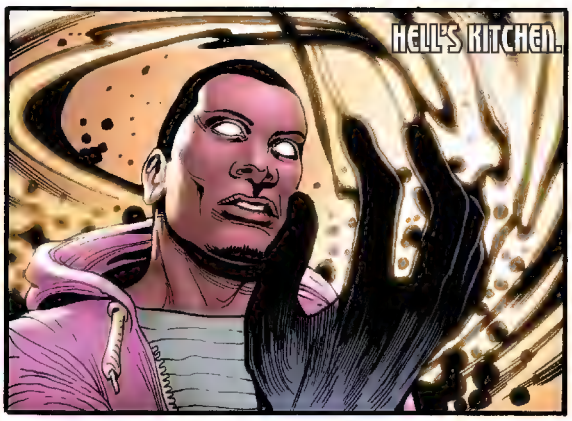
SERPENT SKULLS HEADQUARTERS.
PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL
Sidewinder, Skulls lieutenant
I don't like this, Diamondback. Cops are easy enough to deal with, but this new crew--
They're not a crew. They're just a pack of super teenie-boppers.
Anyway, we had already cleaned the lab, moved the merch and set it up in the new spot.
Crossbones, Skulls leader.
Who took out our two gate-keepers?
A couple of renegade unknowns, Spidey and friends were trying to stop them, actually.
Made a big mess of things. Then the cops showed up.
Black Racer here got clipped.
Yeah, but I clipped back. Slow acting poison? I give my girl 'til noon.
It won't matter. The cops never come around here.
Don't be dumb. Cops are gonna be all over the place now that one of them's dead.
We lost three more guys last night.
Any word on that? Anyone seen anything?
Not a single thing. Two soldiers, shots to the face...
Bushmaster?! They're going straight for lieutenants now. Ballsy...
Great. Now we gotta start looking over our shoulder on our own blocks?
It's these spandex fools we gotta worry about. By the way you handled yourself, Adder, you should be worried about them, too.
The more outside action we see, the tighter and quicker things will have to turn. Bump up the sale date to next week, Sidewinder.
Sell it straight, let's dump it, get in, get out. Give it to King Cobra to distribute. His pier's ready to go.

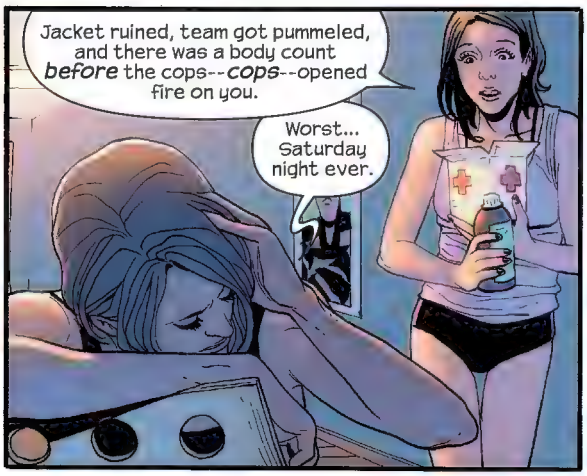

As for the gang killings...
They should be afraid of *us.*
Even if we have to take down every rival gang--
Pfft. What, and break the truce?
Well, I suppose they... uh, broke it... first?
BOWL
This situation is getting worse, so we take care of it immediately. Not the teenie-boppers, no...they can wait. We can recruit them if we have to.
No, no, no...the killings on our territory--turf and such--that's a message ***they*** want us to recognize.
Since we don't know who they are specifically, we'll simply include every "***they***" we know.
All the gangs, block by block, we will teach these cowards what a kill sweep really is.
We will teach them these lessons of the world.

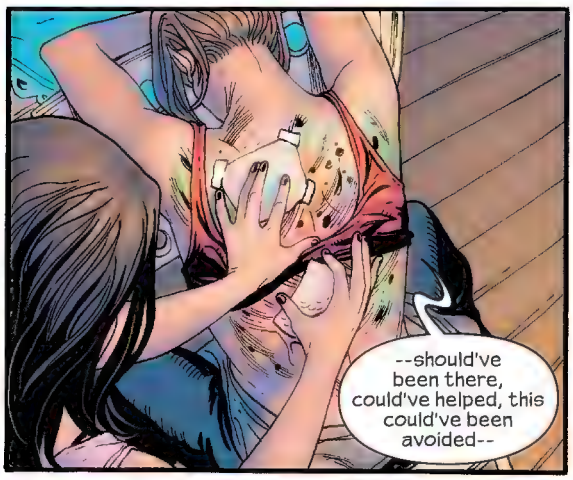

CHELSEA.
Jess, your back is insane. You... don't wanna look.
...hopes...
Kitty Pryde. Mutant.

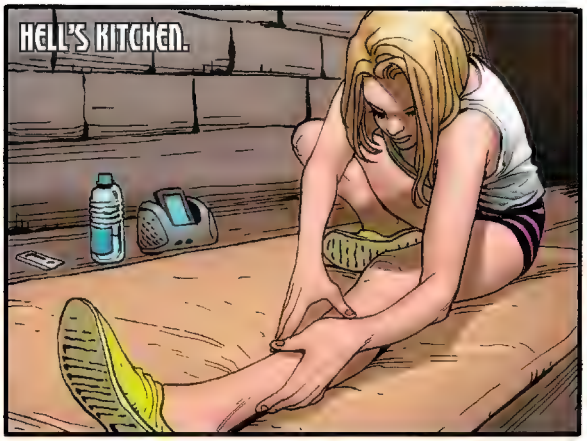
I had such hope for that kid... she up and quits? Bahh.
We should get you checked out, Jessica.

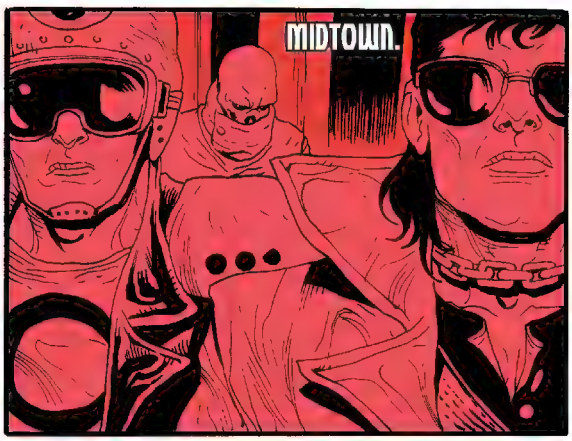

ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.
BEEP BEEP BEEP

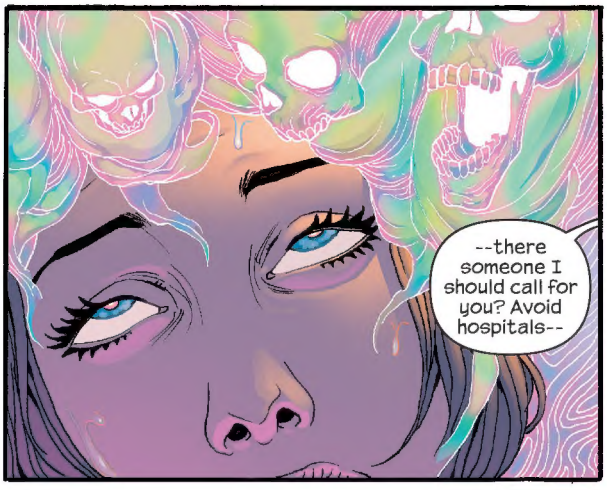

HELL'S KITCHEN.


Jacket ruined, team got pummeled, and there was a body count *before* the cops--*cops*--opened fire on you.
Worst... Saturday night ever.


--should've been there, could've helped, this could've been avoided--


HELL'S KITCHEN.


MIDTOWN.

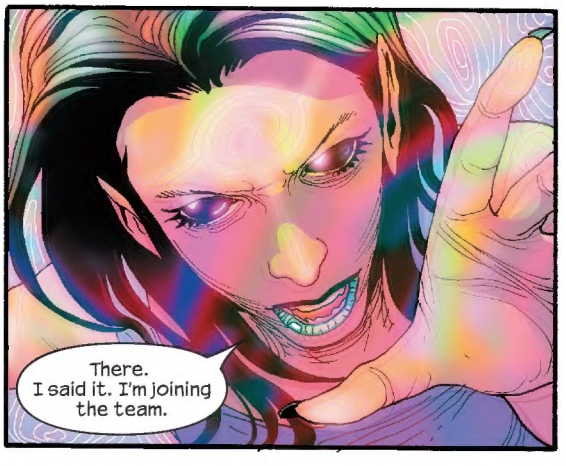

--there someone I should call for you? Avoid hospitals--

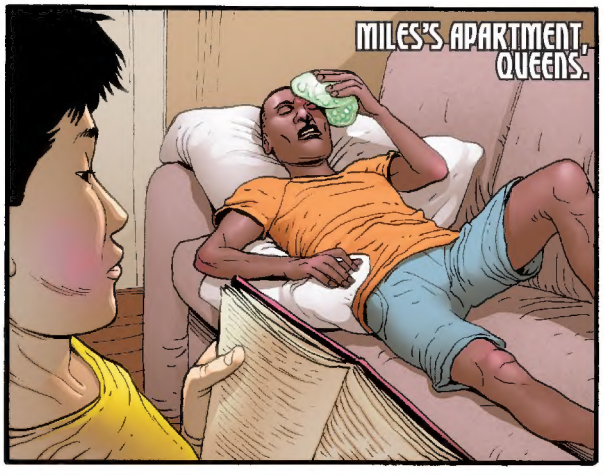
...don't know what was wrong with me, what my problem was...

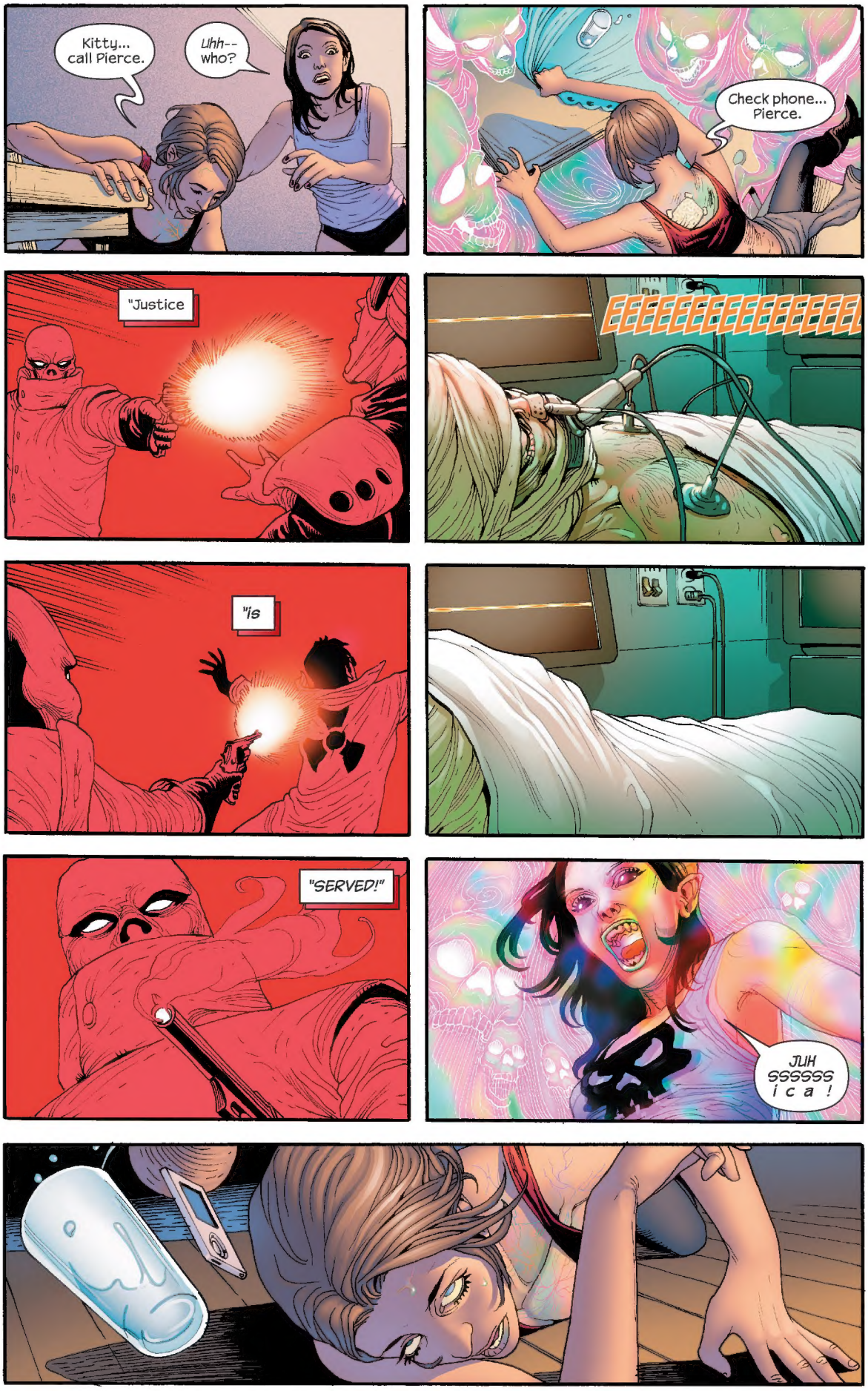
LANA'S APARTMENT, HELL'S KITCHEN.
--and how dare you stand me up, Poey! What kind of boyfriend are you? I almost got--
Hello? Hello?!

COFFEE

--seriously, I'll go next time. I'll help you out as best I--


There. I said it. I'm joining the team.


MILES'S APARTMENT, QUEENS.


Kitty... call Pierce.
Uhh-- who?
Check phone... Pierce.
"Justice
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
"is
"SERVED!"
JUH SSSSSS i c a !

NEXT: SUMMER OF SCOURGE!
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BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH